

LIFE'S WAY.

By "UNCLE HENRY."

"A tramp who was stealing a ride on a P. & E. freight train fell off at Lookout Station and was crushed to death beneath the wheels. His condition indicated that he had become weak from long sickness or hunger and lost his hold, as he rode upon the bumper."

—Excerpt from a newspaper.

I never read such intelligence, and yet it is a common item of news, with only slight change in the wording, without something like a twang at my heart strings. The horror so briefly told, a life so shockingly ended; frustration of the purpose or the hope which prompted the stolen ride; regret that anyone's loved one should be designated a tramp, are thoughts which crowd my mind and cause me to shudder. This is no doubt the case with others, but with me memory is refreshed and a sad incident of life is lived over again.

Years ago I was doing reportorial vice on a Western paper. One afternoon I was delegated to secure the facts about a man having been crushed by a train of cars. I had been on such missions before and had well formed my story ere I reached the scene of the accident. But I didn't write the account and for reason.

When I came to the scene a crowd was standing about what I considered the unfortunate man. Walking up to the gathering I peered over the shoulders of several men and saw lying upon the ground the injured one. A leg and nearly an entire arm were gone. Apparently he was dead. Two surgeons had just arisen from the work of bandaging the injured limbs.

"It is the old story," said one of the men, of whom I had asked the stereotyped question as to how it had happened. "He was trying to steal a ride on a freight and in some way not clear off beneath the wheels."

"Was he not observed and warned?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. But he said that his mother was dying and he must go, and that he had no money or time to spare. His determination made the men less watchful, no doubt."

Recalling a story in connection with the accident I asked: "Did he say where he wished to go?"

"To D—, where he said his people live."

"To D—? That is my old home. Did you hear his name?"

"He told those who lifted him up that his name was Masters or Maston—Charles I believe."

"An old schoolmate?" I had just said when the crowd began to fall back. I could then see Masters well and for an instant I was as if rooted to the ground. My mind was so flooded with thoughts of other days. But I nerved myself and pressing forward reached the side of the surgeons.

"Gentlemen," said I, "this is an old friend of mine. Can not he be sent to the hospital for?"

"I was about to say that," said attention, but ere I could do so the elder surgeon said:

"Yes, the ambulance is coming."

"His chance to live—what are they?" I asked.

"One in a thousand."

Charles was under the influence of the anesthetic given him and seemed as dead. He was still in that condition when the ambulance came and he was lifted up and started toward the hospital. Instantly I decided to follow and if possible to remain with him. This I did as soon as I could write and send to the office an explanation of my whereabouts. At the hospital through prestige of my calling, I secured permission to go to Charles's side and remain. But he never rallied, and in a few hours I closed his eyes in death. Like a flickering candle his life went out.

My vigil was not without some reward, though my presence was never recognized by Charles. Delirium followed the wearing away of the anesthetic and he talked much of himself, enlightening me of his life since I had left D— and him still in school.

Several years before Charles, though still in his teens, had run away from home, and been lost since to his parents. He could not accept a calling for conduct at school and thus chose to injure himself and wound his parents. But somehow he had seemed to learn that his mother was ill and his heart had been touched and he was endeavoring to reach her side, to ask her forgiveness ere it was too late. Once Charles seemed to think he was with his mother, for he said:

"The very night I went away I wanted to come back, but I was ashamed over my act. After several days I didn't feel so homesick and then I got with some men who were going out West and I decided to go with them. Way off there I felt that I could not stand it, but I soon got used to it and had soon almost forgotten you and father and your love for me. Then I grew older and didn't care. Oh, I was growing so wicked, so wicked, and again I was young and father's love, and when I awoke I could hardly realize I was not at home. That day I had several cries and often said to myself I will go home. Then I began to wonder if I had a home and I began to think of you and father and the next morning I started. So long have I been coming and I am so weak, so weak. My money gave out and when I reached P—, and here he shuddered as if recalling the horror of his injury, and I tried to steal a ride, and—But mamma I forgot how I got home. But I am so glad that I am

here, so glad that I am here."

Often there was silence for several minutes as Charles talked and it was clear he was weakening fast. Once I thought he had spoken his last word, so long was his voice still, but he rallied and faintly said:

"Do you forgive your boy mamma, and do you again love him? Then I am so glad, so glad. I shall be a better boy after tonight, and this I promise you—this I promise you."

These words were spoken with great effort and they were the last that Charles uttered. There was a shudder of the body—one of a number—and this nurse who had stood by felt his pulse and said:

"Your friend is dying; he is dead."

Tears filled my eyes, but I wiped them away. I reached over and closed Charles's eyes in his final sleep.

It was midnight when I looked at my watch. Soon I had given orders relative to disposal of his remains and then I returned to the office to write a few guarded words to Charles's mother, intending these should reach her before the intelligence of his death might. I had just seated myself for this purpose when the telegraph editor came to me and said:

"Your friend is dying; he is dead."

"Yes," was my reply, and then, with some curiosity, for I couldn't think he had heard of Charles's death, I added:

"But why do you ask?"

"Here is a brief message of a death which occurred there tonight and I thought perhaps you could add to its contents."

I took the message and read it with one sweep of my eyes. I was shocked to discover it was information of the death of Charles's mother. According to the telegram she had died about the same time her son had.

A touching story of the two deaths appeared in the paper the next morning. It was written by an associate to whom I gave the facts. I read it in the paper as I whirled with the train on which I had shipped Charles's remains to D—.

The article was captioned "Life's Way."

There was a double burial in D— in the family grounds, side by side, the body of Charles and his mother. As I stood and watched the internment I had but one thought, and it was, that Charles and his mother left the earth together and were united in the hereafter if they could not be in life.

HOW DO I KNOW.

Within a brief space of time I have known a number of things that were into my inmost core.

How do I know the every fact. The pro and con exact.

To sentence pass on brother's guilt by circumstances built!

How do I know the failure dire, What battle's din and fire, He, all unaided, had to face Before he fell from grace?

How do I know—how dare I boast That I would hold my post? God grant beneath a lesser gun I may not be frightened.

How do I know the discipline Of those, the few who win? Until my flag decks higher crag. 'Tis honor not to brag.

—Kathleen Kavanagh in The Times-Democrat.

THOSE GOWNS.

"Where does the supreme court of the United States hold forth?" asked the visitor in Washington.

"In that room you just came out of," said the usher.

"That's what some other fellow told me," rejoined the stranger, "but there ain't nobody in there except a lot of bearded old women dressed in black."

—Chicago Tribune.

An exchange tells of a lady who decided to scare her husband who was a hard drinker, so he would reform. To do so she procured the costume of a devil, which she saw at a masquerade.

The next time the erring spouse came home feeling happy she quickly donned the costume, as he opened the door she stepped forward and said in a supple tone: "Come with me, I am the devil." The result rather startled her, as the response to her greeting was: "Zat so? Shake, old boy. I'm your brother-in-law; I married your sister."

BARGAIN DAY.

"Why am I not shown common courtesy?" demanded the woman warmly. The sales person lost her temper at once.

"You didn't ask to be shown any thing, but two-cent prices!" retorted the latter.

Moreover, it was bargain day, when the amount of common courtesy to a customer was necessarily limited.

TRUE.

"I believe that the great body of American people are gentlemen," says President Hadley.

Our experience has been that fully half of them are ladies.—Boston Evening Transcript.

"What is a desert?" asked the primary grade teacher. "Sometimes pudding and sometimes ice cream," answered the knowing youth.—Times-Democrat.

OPEN THE DOOR.

Open the door, let in the air; The winds are sweet, and the flowers are fair.

Joy is abroad in the world to-day; If our door is wide it may come this way.

OPEN THE DOOR!

Open the door, let in the sun; He hath a smile for every one; He hath made of the raindrops gold and gems.

He may change our tears to diamonds. Open the door!

Open the door of the soul, let in Strong, pure thoughts which shall banish sin.

They will grow and bloom with a grace And their fruit shall be sweeter than that of the vine.

OPEN THE DOOR!

Open the door of the heart; let in Sympathy sweet for stranger and kin, It will make the halls of the heart so fair.

That angles may enter unaware. Open the door! —British Weekly.

THE RED, RED ROSES.

All in a sunny garden grew Red roses, rich and fair; The fragrance of their ruddy hearts Perfumed the enchanted air.

Wandering there I plucked a rose, I breathed its beauty bright, But chill winds swept the garden path.

And spilled its petals light. Now in my garden lilies unfold, Their hearts of snow unfold, But my stained hands are all unfit 'To place them on the altar high; Love in my heart is dead.

Oh, why are roses passing fair, And why are roses red? —Edith Wheeler in The Muscovy.

They Were All Tired.

The parlor entertainer has some amusing experiences, although he is not always good natured enough to tell them against himself. One who appreciates a joke, however, relates that on a certain occasion he had been performing at an "at home" and responding to so many queries that the programme became unusually long.

After it was over his hostess with her young daughter came up to him and, after congratulating him on the success of the afternoon, said most cordially: "Oh, Mr. Blank, come and have some refreshments and sit down for a while. I know you must be awfully tired."

"Yes," chimed in the sweet young daughter, with the best intentions in the world; "I'm sure we are."—New York Mail and Express.

Don't you know? Narcissus—I idolize her! "Ha, then we are rivals!" "Yes, but still friends!" "Aye, friends till death!" "Let us tell her!" They tell her.

She says: "Let us die!" They buy 6 centimes' worth of charcoal. They ignite it. They inhale it. They all die.

Vive l'amour!—J. C. Goddard's "A Leave of Absence."

Illustrating His Subject. "No, you can't see Mr. Blankblank this morning during office hours."

"But he's a public official, isn't he?" "Yes, and he's engaged in the public service."

"May I ask what he's doing?" "He's writing a magazine article on 'How Can We Improve the Officeholder's Neglectful Treatment of the Public?'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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HARBOUR'S

Half a Square From Broadway, 112 North Third Street.

This store stands ready always to serve you with the best goods for the lowest prices. This week's offerings are especially good and seasonable. We mention only an item here and there from some of the store's sections.

Price Savings on

Wool Dress Goods.

50c Albatross made for Summer wear, in all colors, this week for 39c yard.

Black Mohair with good luster for 50c a yard.

10c Wash Dress Goods.

All the wanted kinds of Dimities, Batistes, Lawns, Etc., for 10c a yard. A big assortment of pretty patterns in Lawns for 5c a yard.

A sale of swell and elegant White Shirt waists for \$1.00. This is a veritable bargain. No woman will fail to buy after she has seen them. We have seen poorer waists sold for \$2.00.

Petticoats.

\$2.00 kind for \$1.50. \$1.50 kind for \$1.00. A vast array of Dress Skirts made of cloth, Silk and Wash Fabrics, from 35c each up to \$35 each.

Special Hosiery Sale.

Two Good Bargains.

Children's fine Ribbed Cotton Hosiery, two thread throughout, high spliced heels and toes, absolutely fast black, all first quality. Regular prices 12 1/2c, in all sizes for 10c a pair.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed Hosiery, sizes 6 to 10. Regular prices 15c, at 12 1/2c a pair.

On a Business Basis.

Gerald developed a journalistic instinct at the early age of 14. With the consent of his father and some assistance from the same source he bought an "amateur printing outfit" and started the Elmhurst Monthly Journal, subscription price 25 cents a year, payable in advance.

"I suppose you call yourself the editor and proprietor of this office," remarked an envious young associate who dropped in at his "sanctum" in the basement of the paternal dwelling one day.

"Of course I do," responded the youthful journalist. "I don't owe a cent on it."

"Proprietor! Humph! Everybody knows you got \$20 from your father to start it with."

"Yes, sir," stoutly rejoined Gerald, "and his subscription for The Journal is marked paid 100 years ahead on my books!"—Youth's Companion.

MILLINERY.

Hats Trimmed Free of Charge.

A great reduction sale of trimmed hats.

One lot \$1.50 trimmed hats marked down to 98c each.

Shirt waist hats that were \$1.95 to \$2.50, marked down to 75c each.

75c rough straw Sailors for only 39c each.

50c and 65c Mouselin de Soie only 35c.

40c Chiffon for only 34c.

We have just received for this week's selling a large lot of beautiful white and pink roses. Nine large roses with foliage for only 50c that have been rapid sellers heretofore for a \$1.

We have a great assortment of Satin straw, Moll, Chiffon and Leghorn hats bought under regular prices that we'll sell so cheap anybody can afford to get a nice new summer hat.

Very special—bargains in Men's and Boys' CLOTHING.

Little prices for good Shoes and Oxford.

Carpets, Rugs, Mattings and Lace Curtains.

Prices lower than elsewhere.

Representing a Redaction.

The Soprano's Maid—My mistress had five bouquets thrown at her during the first act.

The Contralto's Maid (disdainfully)—Indeed! How nice! I'll bet she paid for them herself!

The Soprano's Maid—Of course she did. She doesn't have to have things charged like some people I know do.—Brooklyn Life.

Question and Answer.

A woman carrying a suit case and several umbrellas bustled up to a weary looking servant of the company in the Pennsylvania railroad ferryhouse at Jersey City the other day.

"Does it make any difference which ferry I take for New York?" she asked. "It don't make any difference to me, ma'am," he replied.—New York Sun.

Pure drugs a guarantee at

Soule's. 141!

He who gets new business Advertisers persistently.

10 CENTS PER WEEK

RST BLOOD

Attorney Greer, the executor, has already filed suit in the circuit court to have the will construed, and Mr. Cosby will come into court, make himself a party to the suit and claim his share of the estate. The case is attracting no little attention in legal circles and will be fought hard by both sides.

The estate consists of about \$25,000 in cash and bank stock, and considerable real estate.

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